Falſt. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſt. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſt. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought; ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſt. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſt. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall greene, when it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſayeſt thou to this?

Poines. Come, your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſt. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure, and bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſh
you here in the houſe: and Falſtalffe, you carried your guts
as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, an
run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art th
hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done? and then ſay it was in f
What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poin. Come, lets heare, Iacke, what tricke haſt thou now

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. W
heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kill the heire appar
ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knoweſt I a
valiant as Hercules: but, beware inſtinct, the Lyon will not to
the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward
inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee,
ring my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true Prin
but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſte
clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallan
lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip
come to you. What, ſhall we be merrie, ſhall we haue a play
tempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running awa

Fal. A, no more of that Hal, & thou loueſt me. *Enter hoſte*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now, my Lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to m

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doo
would ſpeake with you: he ſaies, he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, a
ſend him backe againe to my mother,

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall
giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile ſend him packin

Exit.

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Peto,
did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inſtinc
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.